

MAN'S HOME PAGE

CHARLES DWYER... Editor.

A FORBIDDEN CHRISTMAS

By MARY HASTINGS

FOR the third time the girl moved her spinning wheel. "If I am too far from the fire I freeze, and if I am too near the fire I cook," she laughingly complained, setting her wheel awhirl again. "It is a bitter night," her old uncle agreed from his corner of the settle on the other side of the cobbled chimney-place of rough stones and mortar, where the great logs were blazing merrily.

Young Westcott, on the settle beside him, said nothing at all, but his eyes followed her every movement with a sort of reluctant fascination. They had been following her ever since her arrival in the Massachusetts colony six months before. He had never seen such a girl nor dreamed of such bright bewilderment of beauty.

Something in the silence, perhaps something in Westcott's eyes, which rested on her, seemed to disconcert the girl, for she cast about for a subject of remark.

Dropping her distaff, she bent to rouse the children. "Wake up, little folk! I must take you up to bed, miles, dear, wake up! The apples you set to roast are all cinders. Elizabeth, wake up!"

The little girl sat up with a start, her round, sleepy eyes opening in bewilderment.

"Is it Christmas yet?" she demanded.

The old man roused her at a shot and his deep eyes under their shaggy brows bent peeringly upon them.

"Christmas," he repeated, with angry emphasis. "Where have you heard of Christmas?"

"Zillah said," stammered the little girl, "that in merry England—"

"Merry England?" came grimly from the old man's throat.

"She said they did no work that day, but had a great dinner, and some set up a tree from the forest with candles on it."

"Yes," said the old man, "there were not enough abominations in England with their making and merrymaking, but they must needs bring in this German humbug. And what did she tell you was the meaning of it?"

The small brother rescued her with a remembered phrase.

"They are so glad that the Lord is born," he repeated in his grave little sing-song.

"And that is the way for a righteous people to show a holy thanksgiving? By sticking up a tree like a poplar idol in the house and rigging it with heathen candles? We keep up Christmas here. The laws provide punishment for anyone who keeps that day with a feast or even ceases from his usual labor. But this folly from your minds—let me hear no more of it, and do you," turning to his niece, "keep your tongue from running on such matters. I charge you, for your soul's sake."

"Nay, Mr. Colton," young Westcott remonstrated, touched by her flushed face, "she did but tell them of the custom, not commend it to them."

She took the little ones up to bed and when the girl presently returned she found her uncle asleep.

Reluctantly Westcott rose to go.

"It is late," he murmured.

She nodded, with unconscious ruefulness.

Westcott took a quick step nearer her, his fur cap gripped tensely in both hands. There was something that he had come over half-minded to say that evening, something the sight of this girl always tempted him to say.

He distrusted her beauty and his desire for it.

Undoubtedly there had been tender anticipation in the girl's face. It went out now before a flush of hot shame, and her eyes were twin fires of pride.

"You are so thoughtful," she said, with a scornful little smile, whose mockery he felt, but scarcely understood.

"I will come to-morrow," he promised, lingering.

"To wish me Merry Christmas or see if I am wickedly abstaining from work?" she impishly persisted.

"I could not think any such ill doing to you," he answered gravely.

"Ill doing?" she asked, turned back.

"Do you, in truth, see any ill doing in observing the day?"



G. PATRICK NELSON

"Breresford stood a moment blinking at his antagonist, then with a rush he made fiercely at him."

CANDY RECIPES

How to Make Glace Walnuts—Seasonable Sweetmeats for Parties

Glace Walnuts.

BOIL one pound of sugar with a cup of water until it "hairs," then put it to half a teaspoon of vinegar, boil it rapidly until on trying it in ice water it cracks between the teeth. From this point watch it closely, until you see it begin to turn color, then remove it quickly and set it on a hot brick, or in boiling water while you use it.

You must have tin dishes or plates greased, nuts ready cracked and fork or two greased; then begin to work. As rapidly as necessary, it is well for a beginner to have someone near to hold the plates and change them. On no account must they be put on a warm plate, although in cold weather it is convenient to work from, or close to the stove, as the candy keeps hot longer. Try never to stir the candy while the nut is being taken out.

Have some split walnuts at your left hand, the saucapans in front and a greased dish on your right. Drop the nut from your left hand into the candy, turn it over with your fork once to make sure it is covered, then take it out, drop it on the tin and repeat the process with other nuts. With practice you will be able to drop with the left hand as you lift out with the right. As soon as one tin of nuts are hard slip them off with a knife. Let someone do this, if possible, while you lift a second tin, and

then go over them at a second time; this second coat makes them much handsomer.

As soon as the candy begins to get stiff put it back on the fire, so that it will be liquid again, remembering that it will burn very easily indeed, it will only bear making hot once after that.

Almonds must be blanched and thoroughly dried before they are dropped into the candy, and for those who like the flavor of scorched almonds they may be put into a sharp oven till they begin to change color; watch them very closely or they will get brown and lose flavor. If more convenient they may be scorched in a frying pan, shaking them about to prevent burning. When cool they should be dropped into the candy in the same way as the walnuts.

Caramels.

Caramel is really sugar boiled till it changes color, but the candy understood as "caramels" is something different.

Coffee Cream Caramels.

Two pounds of sugar, one cup of thick cream, two ounces of fresh butter (salt washed out), extract from two ounces of coffee. Melt the sugar with as little water as possible in a saucapans over the fire (take care to use a saucapans that will allow for all the ingredients and give room for the bubbling up). When the sugar bubbles pour in the cream very slowly, stirring, also very slowly, then add the butter and the coffee, stirring gently but constantly the while. As soon as the syrup thus prepared is brittle and has a slight odor of caramel, pour half an inch thick into tin pans well oiled. When nearly cold mark into squares with a greased knife. Chocolate used instead of coffee makes chocolate caramels.

Marrons Glace and Candied Sweet Potatoes.

For marrons glace you require the large French or Spanish chestnuts in perfect condition. Put them into boiling water, then remove the outer skin. Boil them until just tender, but not

soft; now take off the woolly inner skin, carefully, breaking as little as possible. Have ready a pound of white sugar and half a pint of water boiled one minute; put the nuts into this and let them boil slowly until they are clear. Drain them out, put them on a sieve in a warm place (over the register, or in a plate warmer, or on a mantel at the back of a stove will do), till next day. Then dip each nut, carefully mounted on a toothpick, into very hot candy, giving as thin a coat as possible.

The candy for this purpose is to be made in the following way: Boil a pound of sugar to what is called the feather (232 degrees F.). This you begin to "hair" by dipping a silver fork into it, let the syrup run off the end, then blow against the times sharply; if only a few beads blow out let it boil a minute longer, then blow again. If calls like soap bubbles float from your fork, wait only a second or so and blow again, the balls instead of floating will perhaps break as they leave the fork, and, running one into another, drop to the ground in a rough semblance of a feather! If you do this, what is technically called the feather, or 232 degrees F. Then squeeze into it the juice of a small lemon, and with a spoon work the candy while hot against the side of the saucapans until it is slightly white and a little grainy, if you work it a second too long, it will go back to solid sugar. This is called opalized or half-grained sugar and is used for candying marrons or dried fruit.

Vanilla Caramels.

Extract or powdered vanilla stirred into the boiling sugar, cream and butter (then called cream caramel) makes vanilla cream caramels.

SELECT five words, and require each player to compose an intelligent TELEGRAM consisting of ten words, embodying the five words given. If telegraph blanks are used and the messages prepared as for dispatching, it adds to the game.

A. L. S.

Another ball and another reached her, and then her heart gave a great leap, for across the square came William Westcott, sending her tormentors to right and left. Then he stepped up on the platform by her side, looking down at the crowd in grim alertness.

She did not look at him. After that first throb of relief came again the terrible inrush of shame, with added poignancy.

"Go away!" she said suddenly in a choked little voice that she hated for its tremor.

He did not stir.

"Go away!" she reiterated once more, and after that she neither spoke nor looked at him.

Westcott scarcely understood himself the force that had brought him there or the strange new emotions surging through him. He had held back from the girl, distrusting her latent possibilities while she was yet innocent of blights, but now that her humiliation was offered to every eye he had sprung to share it, his reproach lost in the thought of an unknown feeling more poignant than pity or shame.

When the interminable time was at last over and Zillah, stiff and chilled, stepped down from the little platform, he put himself at her side and she understood a moment blinking at his antagonist, then with a rush he made fiercely at him.

Her route led her to the shore, which she skirted for a time, floundering through the damp snowdrifts in the rough wagon road.

Zillah eyed the water with gloomy fascination. She wished miserably that she possessed the courage to fling herself into it and so end at once the menace of the to-morrow.

"Ship ahoy, there!" rang out a jovial voice, and, lifting her bent head, the girl saw a young man almost in front of her.

"Let me pass!" she commanded him fiercely.

"Presently, presently. I mean no harm. I am Bob Breresford, captain of the Conrad yonder, and very much at your service." By St. George and the Dragon, but this no place for a maid like you! Where are you going?

"God knows!" she answered wildly, her voice breaking.

"Nay," he returned, coming nearer, his eyes shining more and more, "Bob Breresford knows. Come with me out of this place where they made a mock of you. Come to England, lass!"

"To England?" she faltered, held by the bluff decision of his manner.

"Aye, to England, on the Conrad. She weighs anchor at 5, when the tide turns."

Again Zillah looked at the ship. On the Conrad to England! England seemed heaven realized. It did not matter where she went after that, there; anything was better than taking up her life again here. The captain saw her eyes flash, her lips take on resolution.

"But—but I would have to go in secret, she put before him.

"Aye," he laughed, "we'll stow you safely away till out of harbor. Never fear for that, my lass. You are of the right stuff, you are."

"And then—I know not if I can get money enough for my passage. I have but a few pieces. Is it much?"

"That, a trifle! All will be made right with a kiss now for earnest money, my prettiest," he laughed, bending toward her.

She sprang away, but before she could speak the hot indignation he saw flame into her face he dashed into apology.

"A dozen pardons, mistress. There, do not run. I meant to say, 'twas but a poor joke—a sailor's joke.' She came slowly toward him again, seeking his face, and he had wisdom enough to keep it serious and at a proper distance. And so, after more talk, she promised to meet him there, such belongings as she could get together.

When her father's huge timepiece, sagging down her pocket, warned her of the approaching time, she hurried her bundle from his hiding place and started down the shore.

"Merry Christmas, lass!" softly called the waiting figure, as she hesitated, uncertain of his identity in the winter twilight.

"Merry Christmas!" she gave back with a quick uplift of spirits. It was to be a Merry Christmas after all, her pride declared defiantly. She was turning the tables on them all.

"Give us your bundle," the captain told her, swinging it under his left arm while his right went skillfully out to encircle her cloak-shrouded figure. And now, lass, for the earnest money," he whispered, dragging her toward him.

Furiously she tried to wrench herself away, but dropping the bundle the captain held her fast and pressed one hand over her mouth.

"Nay, I like not screams, though these will do me no harm," he chuckled, and a gasp of laboring breath, a supply of rum. "Body of the dragon, girl, stop struggling! I mean you no harm. Where are your manners? A kiss is a small thing, and a small thing," he repeated, with a tipsy laugh, "and a kiss I mean to have! Come; stop this—"

A sudden hand at the captain's collar jerked him a good four feet away, and a blow under his chin added another foot to that distance. Surprised, but sobered by the attack, Breresford stood a moment blinking at his antagonist, then with a rush he made fiercely at him.

Suddenly there was a rush, a thud of blows and a gasp of laboring breath. For a second both figures were indistinguishable in a lightning give and take; then, one on top the other, they went down.

It was Westcott who first arose, and he assisted the captain up by his collar.

"Take yourself off unless you want more," he commanded, breathing heavily.

The captain shook his dizzy head, holding his man's cap indignantly in his bleeding nose. "Body of the dragon, but you are a sledge hammer!" he grunted, eyeing his conqueror with something between admiration and a man's resentment. "I mean no harm; the lass agreed to come with me and I was but claiming my passage money. A kiss is a small thing."

Westcott looked from one to the other.

"You agreed to go?" he said. "With him?"

"I wanted to go back to England."

"And I'll take her back now, and she still wishes to go," the captain thrust in, "with no more talk of kissing either. She's a good little lass, and your folk made a vile show of her."

"Aye," said Westcott, "but never again. Zillah, do you want to go now?" he cried out passionately, his face deathly pale in the dim light but for the light of his eyes.

"Do you want to go now?" he asked.

"No, oh, no; not now!" she answered him, breathlessly, her eyes held and confused by that new brilliance in his. "Why, it's the chap that kissed me to-day," the captain muttered. A whistle sounded from the shore; he replied with a snarl and held out his hand to Westcott.

"No offense, sir," he said. "I know when a game's done, and he melted away in the darkness."

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"No offense, sir," he said. "I know when a game's done, and he melted away in the darkness."

Westcott took one quick step to the girl and drew her close. There were no questions, no replies. All had been asked and answered between them in that breathless moment. She lay still in his clasp like an exhausted bird, and the weight of her light form his heart throbbed with an almost terrifying joy.

"Zillah," he whispered brokenly, "Zillah, I love you. Oh, how I love you! You will live on, here, with me."

Tenderly he pressed the little hooded head back against his arm to read her face. His kisses were salt with the tears she shed. She did not know, but in his eyes, when she shyly raised them to his, was a light so glad a happiness as she had never known, and pain seemed could not even darken the new-born glory of their dream.

continues until a signal is given, at which each keeps whatever article he has at that time. Mrs. R. E. C.

AMUSING GUESTS

Entertaining Suggestions

From Various People in

Different Parts of

the Country

THE following diversion will be found a laugh producer for any company of wide-awake, intelligent people. Let each guest draw a picture at the head of a sheet of paper, and at the bottom of the page give the TITLE of the subject. Then, turning the paper up, over this title, so that no one can see what the artist has written, pass the papers, letting each neighbor, who scans the sketch and writes above the artist's turned over strip what he or she thinks the picture represents. To a clever or witty person it usually represents something very different from the original title. When all have written, letting each person read the title one person at a time, the audience see the sketch before the titles are read. The real titles should be read before the others.

E. F. P.

A WHITE ELEPHANT PARTY is a great fun for either young or elderly people. Each one is sent an invitation bidding him to the advantage of him to take advantage of the occasion to get rid of some white elephant. Any article which is undesirable to the owner, or article purchased for a ridiculous price, neatly wrapped up and made unrecognizable as possible in outward appearance. At a given signal each one may exchange his white elephant for one belonging to some one else, which opens, if he does not care to keep it he carefully does it up again and starts out to make a fresh exchange. This J. T.

TWO RACES which I witnessed on shipboard last autumn when homeward bound from Europe might well be adapted for home use. The cigarette race could be ridden of possible objection by using cubes of cigarettes instead of tobacco. At one end of the deck, in a breezy spot, were stationed four young women in a row, each equipped with a large match-box filled with matches; at a distance of perhaps twenty paces were placed four young men with unlighted cigarettes in their mouths. At the signal the men ran to the girls, and the fellow who first got back to the starting place with his cigarette burning was the winner. As was also the girl who held the lighted match for him, a prize being awarded each. The matches were kept from the breeze by holding them inside the space made in the box by pushing the portion partly out, but even with this aid in the excitement of the moment some girls had to light several matches before giving their man a "light" and some did not succeed at all. In the match lighters during the race to render the feat more difficult.

The other race was a slight variation of the familiar needle race. Four young men ran to four young women, as in the event just described, each girl holding a needle in one hand, thread in the other. The young man was permitted to hold the young woman's wrist while threading the needle. The man who first arrived at the starting place with the threaded needle was the winner.

DINNER FAVORS

May Be Made Both Artistic and Humorous With a Little Ingenuity

By Linda Hull Larned.

THOSE who entertain, even though it be most informally, are looking for something unique in place cards and favors for dinners, luncheons or suppers. Those who are gifted with artistic ability, especially if combined with a sense of humor, may make these little accessories out of home materials, and these are always appreciated by the guest. But there are to be found in a few shops some really unique arrangements for designating the guests' places at the table.

The newest of these are little trees and tiny bushes which take us back to childhood's days. Among them are tiny green pine trees, growing in tiny white enamel, wooden tubs, about an inch square, with a golden knob on each corner. Small, very small, brass clips are stuck in the inside of the palings of these tubs to hold the name card. There are also rose bushes growing in the tubs with red, white, yellow or pink roses, so that a color scheme may be easily carried out. Then there are trees and shrubs growing from tiny wooden standards, with a slit in the wood for the card. The holly branch is particularly appropriate just now.

In this same collection one finds tiny baskets filled with flowers, artificial of course, but really very near to nature, and they are so well done. There are white baskets filled with white daisies, green ribbons, and white flowers in yellow baskets with yellow ribbon. These

are all round, but there are also oblong baskets with round ends containing white daisies or yellow flowers. For a bride's table there are oblong baskets with square ends, in imitation of the tiny fern baskets filled with white ribbon. These are, of course, filled with orange blossoms, and are suitable for the last thing quality, as guests are not supposed to take them away unless told to do so by the hostess. A set of these, in any color, to match the table decorations, is indeed a very pretty table equipment.

If holly be selected there are small glass bonbon dishes with a bronze holly branch and berries, enameled in natural colors, laid across the edge. These could be given to the women guests as souvenirs, while horseshoe paperweights, which are intended for the men, are also available. These are not made in France. Each one carries a card, on the top of which is a wreath of flowers, in which the narrow card bearing the name of the guest may be slipped.

There are cards for the bride and groom, which are also made in France. The card for the bride is the bride herself with a huge shower bouquet, and guests are others for the groom and guests. Some of these are suitable for an engagement announcement, a dinner or luncheon, as there are cards with red hearts, and others representing the bride party on the way to the altar, against a string of red hearts as a manufacture is another announcement card. It is a small imitation box of flowers, which opens and discloses a card, bearing the names of the engaged pair.

For Dutch dinners or suppers there are Delft blue figures with a background of heath tiling, and some broad, low cards holding on their upper edges two stiff Dutch bouquets. These are quaint and effective.

For special days there are orange pumpkin jack-o'-lanterns, with a red devil on guard at the top and Japanese ladies in watercolors.